

## HERE POLICY DENS EXIST.

And Captains of Police Say They Are Powerless to Suppress Them.

## MEANTIME HOMES ARE DESOLATE.

Proprietors Growing Rich While Their Victims Become Impoverished and Children Cry for Bread.

The policy shop at No. 3 Kulekerbeker ave., is notorious for taking the bread from the mouths of many a child in the neighborhood. There is a small notion store at the rear of which is a kitchen. In a little room off the kitchen the game is played. Around this place is constantly a crowd of dealers, the neighbors, and women whose husbands spend every cent they have while the children starve, claim to have complained to Capt. Kitzer without any result. The Captain says he is doing his utmost to close up the policy den in the Cedar street precinct, but that it is very hard to secure evidence which will be accepted by the Grand Jury as sufficient strength to warrant an indictment.

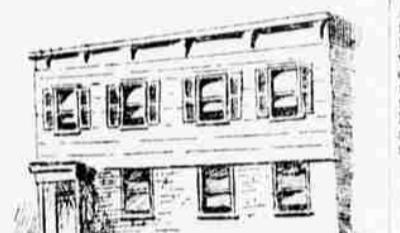


POLICY SHOP, NO. 38 FLUSHING AVENUE  
An old two-story brick basement and frame building at No. 20 Hopkins street is a policy den run by Italians. The building looks as if it was one hundred years old, and on account of its location, in the center of a tenement district, is doing much harm. The game is played on the ground floor. Two windows open on the street, and are protected by solid iron bars; reaching only have ways in. Entrances cannot be gained by those known to the proprietor of the place.



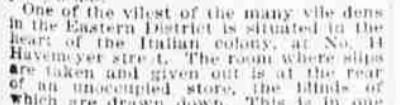
**SHELDON, WHO RUNS 482 FLUSHING AVENUE.**  
In the door leading to the policy rooms is an ex-convict named John. All visitors are sent in to see the room, and when they leave, it is patrolled by the very lowest class of people.

A man, well another policy den at No. 382 Flushing avenue, is being run as a harness shop. The building is a two-story frame, not over fifteen feet wide. In the window of the alleged harness shop are a strip of leather and a horse's bridle. To the left of the place is a horse-shoeing shop and to the right a grocery store.



**POLICY SHOP, NO. 26 HOPKINS STREET.**  
The proprietors of both these places at first admitted that it was policy den run by a man named Sheldone, but the daily "World" reporter visited the den he was informed by spies who did not leave until they saw him to make sure. The place is not objected to by most of the neighborhood as nearly all police departments.

One of the vilest of the many viles dens in the Eastern District, situated in the business section, is located at No. 11 Hayemeyer street. The room where sums are taken and given out is at the rear of an unoccupied store, the blinds of which are drawn across the windows, one of a row of tenement-houses warming with the families of the very



**ON GUARD AT NO. 39 FLUSHING AVENUE.**  
"Does Mrs. Swartz live upstairs?" said the sentinel.  
"No," answered the sentinel.

He was passed, but he was followed by the sentinel, who shouted upstairs:  
"Gone to see Mrs. Swartz! She's not in."

"All right," was the answer, and there was a hasty shamming of doors. Mrs. Swartz was not found. On his return home, the sentinel reported to the police department, and as he passed in he was followed by the sentinel, who shouted upstairs:

"Gone to see Mrs. Swartz! She's not in."

"What kind of den is this you've bought?" snapped Mrs. Snodgrass.  
"Butterfish," replied her husband.  
"Well, it's just like you to be yourself imposed upon. I'll warrant the wretched boy has given you oleomargarine bats."

Burton.  
(From Judge.)

The Haress—I don't see why you fell in love with so homely a girl as myself, George.  
George—Oh, my dear, I know that you are as good as gold.

The fathers of families seldom play, for they

know that the odds against them of winning a girl is three to one, and of winning a boy is four to one, and with a game counter three straight numbers, a horse race for four straight, out of the twelve or so won from the seventy-eight numbers of the game.



**POLICY SHOP, 388 FLUSHING AVENUE.**  
It is the woman and children who play the game. The wife sits by her husband's side, the mother and children sit by the window, and goods when money cannot be obtained in any other way.

A man, half Italian, half Hayemeyer, is only a short distance from that Italian school. When a World reporter visited the place yesterday half a dozen children stood in front of the door.

"I'm sorry to say we are on \$12,000," said the reporter to a early-haired little

urchin. "If you let me keep it to tick and give me half of it, mind, Mr. Kitzer will give me something because you see, how day won't sell to everybody."

While the urchin was within buying distance of the door,

"You're too well-dressed to go in yourself, master. They'd fire you out!" You can't say anything to him, he's too bold, as if it were a law of the land, because he's afraid of dem World fellows."

The first urchin returned by a crowd of youngsters, saying, "Dixy with me, you win. Spotty, I'll do same to you when I catches a snap."

A moment later flames were bursting from nearly every window in the rear of the building.

Mr. Grady rushed out of the house and, meeting a policeman of the East Thirty-fifth street station, told him that the carriage factory was on fire. The policeman ran to the corner of Third avenue and Thirty-first street, and he, too, turned in alarm. The fire spread with such rapidity that by the time the firemen arrived they deemed it necessary to turn in a second alarm. This brought more help, but not sufficient to save the buildings. When Capt. Bonner reached the scene he sent out a third and later a fourth alarm, which were responded to by sixteen engine companies.

Stivers' carriage manufactory is one of the oldest in this city. It is owned by Mr. J. M. Stivers, and managed by his son, George. It was established in 1839, and since 1851 has been conducted on the present site. The main building, facing Thirty-first street, is the oldest, and is used almost exclusively as a warehouse.

In the silk trade the news is somewhat encouraging. Following the announcement of the World on Wednesday that the August 1st Company had advanced \$100,000 to the silk manufacturers, came a request from the ribbon weavers of Silbermann & Co.'s mill for an advance, with the result that an increase of 10 per cent was granted. This was accepted. Supt. Cramer told the weavers that the prospects for a good spring and fall trade were all that could be desired, and that the time had come to give the operators the benefit of every improvement in the business. He added that a further increase would be made when better times would permit.

New York manufacturers advertised in local papers last night, for Paterson weavers to take the place of the striking weavers in the metropolitan. Now the organized ribbon weavers, and their union is a strong one, will be among the applicants for the places of work now offered. The Paterson weavers are advertising for weavers, and it looks as if there will be no idle ones in this city next week.

**FOUR FIREMEN IN THE RUINS.**  
They Wee All Dug Out and Were No Seriously Hurt.

A fire broke out in the block of three frame buildings Nos. 157, 159 and 161 Verona avenue, between Mount Prospect and Lincoln avenues, Newark, at 11:20 A. M. yesterday. The property belonged to Heller Bros., but was occupied by small dealers on the ground floors and dwelling apartments on the second. Verona avenue being on the northern boundary of the city, the department was unable to get to the place, and the firemen made sufficient headway to do all efforts of the firemen.

W. W. Warren occupied No. 158 with a small grocery store, and a few small explosions in his store and narrow passages by curiosity-seekers. Above the drug store lived the druggist's family. Nothing was saved, and the rest of the building was a total loss.

A watchman had passed through the buildings about two hours before the fire was discovered. When the department got to the building in Third avenue between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, and also to attack the fire from the rear, Judge Grady, the chief fireman of Newark, and the firemen passed their hose through his halls.

Battalion Chief Nugent, who lives but a block away from the scene, was on his way to a wing-machine. All else was destroyed. No. 157 was occupied by Mrs. Freda Becker, with a stock of general notions. She had to leave her home when she heard the clang of the engines. He did not stop to change his Sunday clothes, but was the first to reach the roof of the burning building.

The fire started in the rear of No. 181. The block was built together, so when the doors of the No. 180 gave way the firemen were at the rear of the second story went down without warning. They were met in the debris, with the flames still raging in the rear, and nearly two hours after the department had arrived that the fire was said to be under control. This makes the fourth time that Mr. Stivers' factory has been on fire. The last fire was eight years ago.

The fire, it is believed, broke out in the carriages, located on the rear of the building, and the roof then burst into flames.

There were 300 finished carriages in the building. The damage to the stock is estimated at \$60,000 and to the building at \$10,000. Both are fully covered by insurance.

**FIRE CLAIMS THE OLD BRIDGE.**  
Bult Seventy-eight Years Ago Over the Marian River.

general to the World.

**NORTH BRUNSWICK, Feb. 18.**—The landing bridge across the Raritan at the northern end of this city was burned to-day. It is supposed that a sulphur lamp exploded. It was a wooden bridge, inclined and covered by a single roof. The structure was about eight hundred feet long and was erected seventy-eight years ago at a cost of \$10,000. It was the only means of crossing the Raritan between the new stone bridge at Albany street and Broad street, six miles up.

The fire was discovered about 1 o'clock this morning, but the alarm was given to the fire department, and the firemen did not arrive for forty minutes the supports had burned away and the roof had dropped into the river, and the wood soon struck a sand bar.

The loss is estimated at \$30,000, on which there is \$15,000 insurance.

If the structure is replaced it will be most likely by an open iron bridge.

**LOVE PANNELED BY SEA BREEZES.**

Mr. Sexton's Daughter, in Spite of Him, Weds the Captain of His Yacht.

general to the World.

**SOUTH AMBOY, Feb. 18.**—The early part of hot summer Joseph Weston, a wealthy lumber dealer, purchased the sailing yacht Peter Paul, which he had artfully fitted in hardware.

As Mr. Weston was not familiar with sailing vessels, he called upon Walter Compton, about twenty years old, to assist him.

Every Saturday Mr. Weston and his family accompanied by Compton, sailed for the high banks, while the boy did all the work.

He did good work.

Where is the family?

He is not with the crew, but the boy did all the work.

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